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GAY'S MONUMENT.

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[VOL. II.

MONUMENT OF GAY.

The life of the poet Gay has so often been written, that it need not be here repeated. His tomb in Westminster Abbey, of which a representation is given herewith, is a costly pile, far surpassing those designed to perpetuate many a greater name. It is not a little singular that he owes this distinction to the aristocracy whom his satire had so often assailed. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury bore the expense of its erection.

Few rest within those venerable walls, of whom more is recorded to their praise "in lasting stone." The well known epitaph, written by his friend, Pope, gives him credit for almost all the virtues which could adorn humanity.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child,
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once, and lash the age;
Above temptation on a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great.
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours; not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good may say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—"Here lies Gay."

This would be enough to satisfy most lovers of posthumous commendation, but even this is far surpassed by its prose accompaniment.

"Here ly the ashes of Mr. John Gay,
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent man.
Independency
In low circumstance of fortune,
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age.
And that equal serenity of mind,
Which conscious greatness alone can give,
Through the whole course of his life.
Favourite of the Muses,
He was led by them to every elegant art.
Refined in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own.
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His works continue to inspire
What his example taught.
Contempt of folly, however adorned,
Detestation of vice, however dignified,
Reverence for virtue, however disgraced."

It is curious to find all this refinement ascribed to the writer of "The Beggar's Opera;" and "The Beggar's Opera," be it remembered, not as it is now performed, for modern delicacy has taken liberties with which it is likely Gay would have considered greatly deteriorated his play. That celebrated production, which, by the bye, when first offered to Drury-lane Theatre was rejected, whatever its merits, assuredly did not carry the town by storm, from the exquisite refinement which it evinced; and it may further be remarked, that the "independency" so largely eulo-

gized did not prevent the poet from striving most assiduously for court favour. It is more than probable that his independence was the offspring of failure in this respect. His general merit, however, as an author, —his ballads and his captivating and instructive fables, gave him a claim to be ranked among those who have added at once to the renown and utility of British Literature.

How to forge Bank of England Notes.

A young friend of mine, who has recently returned from London, assured me that he had discovered a simple method of making a permanent engraving on a metallic plate, of Daguerreotype likeness or sketch. On making the discovery (the nature of which he explained to me), being then in London, his application for a patent in England was enrolled, after which he was compelled to specify in six months, or lose his right to the discovery. When the time was nearly expired, he was seized with an hemorrhage of the lungs, which prevented his specifying; whereupon a Frenchman stepped in, and secured a patent for a similar process. He showed me a finely-engraved letter seal, copied by this process from an original engraving, made by a first-rate artist in London. He says that, by this singular discovery he copied several Bank of England notes upon metallic plates, by merely reflecting the light from them to the plates, as is done in taking miniatures, and by a simple chemical process converted them into permanent engraved plates, and then proceeded to take impressions from them, which exhibited a striking and remarkably exact likeness to the originals, even showing the waved lines in the paper. He tells me he entertains no doubt but the process is known in France, and that the 1000 counterfeit notes offered at the Bank of England were executed by it. So exact were the counterfeits, that the Bank actually paid some of them, and only accidentally discovered the second or third note by a genuine note of the same number, letter, and date, being offered at the same time. My friend thinks that when the plate is once thus accurately formed, it might be made more perfect if necessary, by receiving slight touches from a skilful engraver. He thinks there is not a bank bill in existence but what can, by skilful management, be so perfectly counterfeited, as to defy the detection of the bank which issued it. He supposes there can be but one probable mode of prevention, and that is, to have the bill crossed or printed transversely, with a variety of strong colours.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

LIFE OF MESMER.—HIS EARLY LOVE EXPERIMENTS.

After the astonishing statements lately furnished by Miss Martineau of the effects of mesmerism, as she has given us breathing time—not by ceasing to write on the subject, but by declining to bring forward further proofs, and applying herself merely to arguing on the claims the science has to attention—some notices of the author of the system may not be unacceptable.

Dr. Anthony Mesmer was a native of Austria, and studied in the university of Vienna. He was poor, and the hypothesis which he ventured to start of an electric, or, as he afterwards called it, a magnetic fluid, got him the name of a quack. At Paris, however, he met with better treatment. The establishment of a mesmerian school gave him wealth and celebrity.

A romantic story is told of his progress in the science. He was enamoured of a lady of rank, and, on his return to Vienna, he sought her, where he had expected to find her, in the Prater, in vain. Incensed at his failure, he stamped with vexation, when (we abridge from the *Court Journal*), suddenly turning through one of the thick clusters of trees which adorn the Prater, he beheld a young female seated on the grass. She was very pretty, but pale, and evidently suffering under the languor consequent on protracted illness. Mesmer fixed his eyes earnestly upon her. The young lady modestly cast down hers, but continued to sit motionless as a statue.

Advancing, and gently taking her hand, he said—"You seem to be ill?" "I am," she replied, in a faint tone of voice. "I am a doctor," resumed Mesmer, "and if you are disposed to follow my directions, I think I might assist your recovery; whilst you, in your turn, may render me a very great service." "How?" inquired the young woman, with an expression of astonishment. "Merely by remaining seated where you are, and looking steadfastly in my face." The girl timidly raised her eyes, and fixed them on the countenance of Mesmer, who stood gazing at her with a look which seemed to absorb her inmost thoughts and feelings. He then passed his hands repeatedly over her forehead, her face, and her arms, first with a gentle undulating motion, and afterwards with a rapid jerking movement. The eyes of the patient closed and opened again several times, as if struggling against the subduing force of the fascination. She seemed to suffer from the influence of mental anguish, for she sighed deeply, and tears rolled down her cheeks. But this sadness was merely transient; a bright smile presently lighted up her features, her head fell back, and she sank into a gentle slumber. It was

magnetic sleep!—the sleep of somnambulism!

But this was not enough for Mesmer, to whom magnetism was a valuable phenomenon not only as far as it tended to excite and produce in the magnetised subjects other phenomena and still greater prodigies—viz., clairvoyance, spiritual vision, and ecstasy.

"What are you thinking of?" inquired Mesmer, addressing his subject.

"I am thinking," answered she, hesitatingly, "of the anxiety you suffered this evening."

"You know, then, that I was looking for something on the Prater?"

"I know that you were looking for some person."

"Can you tell me where he is at this moment?"

"I can tell where she is."

"Well, then, where is she?"

"Stay no no I cannot ... I do not see quite clearly."

"Look again look near you, and look far away very far away, perhaps Endeavour to see for I much wish to know where the lady is."

"Ah!" exclaimed the somnambula, "now I see her! She is in the Imperial Theatre."

A prolonged murmur of surprise, mingled with expressions of incredulity and admiration, was heard among the crowd of promenaders who had by this time gathered round Mesmer, but of whose presence he had been unconscious, so intently were his thoughts occupied with the experiment.

The magnetiser awakened his subject, and hurried away to the Imperial Theatre, where he passed the remainder of the evening, his eyes being turned from the stage, and directed towards the box where was seated the lady of his thoughts.

A short time after this scene, which chance rendered in some degree public, a messenger knocked at Dr. Mesmer's door, and requested his immediate attendance on a young lady, who was dangerously ill, and who entertained the conviction that he alone could cure her. He immediately hastened to the patient, in whom he recognised the young female he had magnetised on the Prater.

She had been given over by the physician who had previously attended her. She appeared to be in the last stage of illness, and her sorrowing relatives were looking for her death. Nevertheless, Mesmer felt an inward confidence that he should save her.

He every day submitted the patient to the magnetic influence, and while so doing he wrought miracles, at which he was himself astounded. Whilst in the mesmeric sleep, the patient afforded the most extraordinary evidences of mental vision, accurate clairvoyance, and lucid ecstasy.

Along with these prodigies, an improvement, scarcely less miraculous, was wrought in the patient's health. Her feeble frame acquired strength, her languid spirits became buoyant. Before, she was merely pretty, she had now grown strikingly beautiful.

This rapid and unlooked-for recovery was a twofold triumph to Mesmer. To have saved the life of a young and beautiful woman was naturally gratifying to the feelings of the man, whilst the phenomena disclosed during the magnetic treatment were not less deeply interesting to the physician, who aspired to found a new school of medical science. He felt grateful to the patient, who had been instrumental, though unconsciously, in converting to his theories many of those who had previously avowed unbelief or scepticism. By degrees gratitude ripened into a more tender feeling, and at length Mesmer began to discover that the presence of Margaret tended to banish the remembrance of the high-born dame, who once held his heart captive.

About this time he was agreeably surprised by the receipt of a letter, announcing to him the probable return to Germany of an uncle, who had realised a handsome fortune in colonial speculations. This uncle had no heir, and there seemed little reason to doubt that his return to Europe would be the means of raising his nephew from poverty to affluence, or at least to independance. He rejoiced at this circumstance, chiefly because it would enable him to confer some adequate reward on Margaret, who, like himself, was poor. Nevertheless, he carefully concealed from her knowledge the hopes raised by the letter he had received from abroad.

At the appointed hour he went to pay the daily visit to his patient, who still continued under mesmeric treatment. As soon as sleep was produced, the phenomenon of clairvoyance presented itself.

"Oh! how delightful I am," exclaimed the somnambula, in her magnetic ecstacy; "your relation, you know who I mean—your rich uncle has left Surinam, and is returning to Europe!"

"My uncle returning?—who told you so?"

"Nobody! But I see him now. He has just embarked on board the Stathouder. The weather is fine—the wind favourable. How the sails fill! What a glorious sea! What a brilliant sky! The vessel glides over the waves like a bird—like an arrow!"

Suddenly Margaret paused. Her brow was contracted by a movement of surprise and grief. A cloud of inquietude seemed to overspread her countenance. She looked anxiously forward, and stooped down as if to see more distinctly; then seizing Mes-

mer's hand, she murmured— "What a terrible change! A storm has gathered. Hark, how the thunder rolls! Oh! what a conflagration—what flames! There is not in the sea, water enough to quench them!—Stay! the fire is sinking beneath the waves—it is no longer visible! But where is the ship? It has vanished. Nothing is discernible but sky and water."

A few weeks after this mesmeric vision, intelligence was received at the Hague, announcing the loss of the Dutch brig, Stathouder, which was struck by lightning, and had foundered.

Mesmer's attachment to Margaret was becoming daily more and more confirmed. He regarded her as a triumphant evidence of the truth of his theories and his science. No consideration on earth could have induced him to separate from her. In his eyes she was a magical creation of his genius; and in restoring her to life and health, he had endowed her with beauty and intelligence. Thus Mesmer heard, not without a severe pang of regret, that it was the intention of Margaret's parents to quit Vienna, and to retire to their native village, some leagues distant. Margaret was, of course, to accompany them; but she had said nothing of this intended removal to Mesmer. "This is strange," thought he; "there must be some secret which she wishes to conceal from me—I must endeavour to discover it."

He guessed rightly; there was, indeed, a secret, and in one of her mesmeric trances Margaret disclosed it in the following manner:—

"When do you propose to depart?" said Mesmer, addressing the somnambula.

"Whenever I feel that I have sufficient courage to go."

"Will it then require much courage to depart?"

"More than you will require in parting from me."

"How so?"

"Where you remain, you will love some one; where I am going I shall love no one."

"But, then, on the other hand, Margaret, every one who knows you will love you! What would you say, supposing I were to go and live in the village to which you are about to remove?"

"Alas! that might prevent me from going thither."

"Then you think our separation indispensable! Why so?"

"Because our eternal union is impossible!"

"And if your absence should render me unhappy?"

"Then I will return."

"Will you stay if I declare that I love you?" Whilst he was uttering these words,

Margaret awoke, and found Mesmer on his knees at her feet, passionately gazing on her, and holding her hand in his.

Shortly afterwards they were united. Madame Mesmer accompanied her husband in his visits to various parts of Europe. She died whilst they were travelling in Switzerland, in the year 1806, and was interred in the churchyard of Fränenfeld, in the canton of Thurgau. To that place Mesmer himself retired in his latter days; and died there in 1815. His ashes repose in the same grave with those of his beloved wife; and a humble monument marks that grave.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS "CHIMES."

The organisation of labour has engaged the attention of more than one mind. The rights and wrongs, the virtues and vices of the poor, have been pourtrayed in vivid and powerful colours by many of the writers of the present day, but to none is the poor man more indebted than to "Boz." He it was who struck out a path peculiar to himself; he it was who first drew those admirable portraits of the poor—called lower orders—which have rendered his name so truly dear to every lover of his country.

He now comes forward with a new book to heighten the hilarity of Christmas, which, doubtless, will be hailed with as much *gusto* by the expectant lovers of fun and sentiment, as, at this season of the year, his by-gone hero, old Joey Grimaldi, used to be looked for by the dealers in the former commodity alone.

Criticism is out of the question in regard to a work like this. We must not hint that it is abrupt, or that the slovenly speech of his characters is carelessly or affectedly given into by the narrator of their sayings and doings. It is Mr. Dickens who writes; his object we know to be a kindly one; and, in such a case, with a less meritorious author, we should be prepared to

"Take the good the Gods provide us," without stretching our eager desires beyond what has been prepared for us. We hasten, then, not to examine but to quote—not to give an opinion of its merits, but some of the merits themselves. The briskness of the style, the playfulness of the fancy, will be recognised of the old favourite, and if there are rather some hard knocks at the alderman's door, who is resolved to "put down suicide," by showing no toleration to shoeless boys and starving young mothers, the worthy knight, at whom the satire is aimed, it must be generally admitted, has been rather too audible on

the success of some his attacks on the deserving.

The hero, or chief personage—more lonely than the German horse-dealer we had lately to notice—lingering about a London church, like Quasimodo, in *Notre Dame*, is thus introduced with the Chimes. Of the latter we read they were

"Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor'-Wester—aye, 'all to fits,' as Toby Veck said."

This Tony Veck, alias Trotty, is a poor, simple, kind-hearted ticket porter, with whom and the Chimes a sympathetic affection exists—they were his companions, his comforters. In truth not so, for an only daughter, Meg, is his hope in his old age. She brings him his dinner—unexpected to him, for often had he reflected that nothing was "more regular in its coming round than dinner time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner"—and a pleasing scene ensues. Her betrothed, a stalwart blacksmith, soon follows her, and they ask the old man's permission to be married on New Year's Day, "the best and happiest day in the whole year." They are interrupted in their day dreams by the appearance of three gentlemen, one of whom, Alderman Cutte, enters into a discussion with his companions upon the right method of dealing with the poorer classes. He is determined to "put them down"—marriage, suicide, everything. He sees Meg and Richard together, and preaches to them upon the folly and evil of marriage; and his companion, Filer, regrets, with a groan, "their ignorance of the first principles of political economy." A letter is given by Alderman Cutte to Trotty to convey to Sir Joseph Bowley, M.P., who is a specimen of the paternal friend of the poor—the man of fixed principles and regular habits, who clears up his accounts on the last day of the old year. His paternity to the poor consists in this:—

"What man can do, I do. I do my duty as the Poor Man's Friend and Father; and I endeavour to educate his mind, by inculcating on all occasions the one great moral lesson which that class requires. That is, entire dependence on myself. They have no business whatever with—with them-

selves. If wicked and designing persons persons tell them otherwise, and they become impatient and discontented, and are guilty of insubordinate conduct and black-hearted ingratitude; which is undoubtedly the case; I am their Friend and Father still. It is so ordained. It is in the nature of things."

One Will Fern, a country labourer, has offended this magnate, and Alderman Cutt has written to him, saying, that he will "put him down." This Trotty learns, and on his return home, he accidentally rushes against a man, who inquires the way to the Alderman's house. Instinctively Trotty surmises that this stranger is Fern. He tells him not to go, and, eventually, offers him a home, although a mean one. Powerful is this sketch of the kindness of the poor to the poor. Fern and his niece Fillian are in bed, and Trotty sits down by the fire, and listens to the Chimes. He then falls asleep, and, in his dream, is transported to the belfry of the Old Church, where he is introduced to the goblins of the Chimes:—

"He saw the tower, whither his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the Bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the Bells without a pause. He saw them, round him on the ground; above him, in the air; clambering from him, by the ropes below; looking down upon him, from the massive iron-girded beams; peeping in upon him, through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles, as the water ripples give place to a huge stone that suddenly comes plashing in among them. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old, he saw them kind, he saw them cruel; he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, and heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, and heard them howl. He saw the air thick with them. He saw them come and go, incessantly. He saw them riding downward, soaring upward, sailing off afar, perching near at hand, all restless and all violently active. Stone, and brick, and slate, and tile, became transparent to him as to them. He saw them in the houses, busy at the sleepers' beds. He saw them soothing people in their dreams; he saw them beating them with knotted whips; he saw them yelling in their ears; he saw them playing softly music on their pillows; he saw them cheering some with songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; he saw them flashing awful faces on the troubled rest of others from enchanted mirrors which they carried in their hands."

When the chimes cease to play, the gob-

lins of the bells become indistinct, and melt into air. Then the Great Bell speaks, in deep and solemn tones, and inquires, "Who is this visitor?" and demands of him whether man has not done them wrong:—

"The voice of Time cries to Man, Advance! time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there, in the period when Time and He began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence, have come and gone: millions uncountable have suffered, lived, and died; to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead; and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever, for its momentary check."

The various scenes of his daughter's life pass in review before Trotty, till his good soul is harrowed at the sight. Misery, misery, seems to be the lot of the poor man. Work, work, work! At a grand banquet, to which the peasantry are invited, given by Sir Joseph Bowley in honour of his lady's birthday—New Year's Day—Will Fern appears, and speaks the sentiments of his class in forcible language:—

"I dragged on somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy, that I couldn't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was any thing but what I was. Now, you gentlemen that sits at sessions, when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'he's suspicious. I has my doubts about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!' From that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or let's alone—all one—it goes against him . . . See how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'r'nal angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I cuts a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty mile away; and coming back, I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and jail's the only home he's got. . . . Do I say this to serve my cause? Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my innocent niece? Not

all the lords and ladies in wide England. But, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're a lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a going wrong, and don't put Jail, Jail, Jail, afore us every where we turn. There an't a condescension you can show the labourer then, that he won't take, as ready and as grateful as a man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put the rightful spirit in him first; for whether he's a wreck and ruin, such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in jail: 'Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge; thy people are Not my people; nor thy God my God.'

Last scene of all is where Meg's husband dies, and she is driven into the wide world to seek a home for self and child. She wanders and wanders, and is on the verge of committing suicide, when Trotty awakes, and finds it was but a dream.

Then the bells peal forth, and begin to ring cheerily for the New Year. Now begins the merry making. Richard and Meg, despite Alderman Cut's warning, determine to marry; and Will Fern finds in a good-hearted general dealer, one Mrs. Chickenstalker, his niece's relative, of whom he was in search. Thus ends the "Goblin Story of Some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in."

Although only a story, a deep moral lesson may be learnt. Its point is truth. Attention of late has been roused to the condition of the labouring classes, and men's minds are becoming alive to the conviction that their fellow creatures should not be worked like machines, merely and solely at the call of capital, to increase that which is already great, but that labour should have its limits, and that the suffering poor should be encouraged on their weary pilgrimage, and not be regarded, as heretofore, with indifference and contempt.

SHAKESPEARE IN SCOTLAND.

It has for some time been a question of interest in the literary world, whether or not Shakespeare ever visited Scotland. Mr. Knight maintains the affirmative; and to a new edition of the works of our great poet, he has added the evidence on which he

finds this belief. His argument is plausible, and the facts, some of which the lovers of the drama will devour with avidity, on which it depends, must, we think, make it appear that Shakespeare really visited "the land o' cakes."

The question, Did Shakespeare ever visit Scotland? was first raised, in 1767, by William Guthrie, in his "General History of Scotland," A. D. 1509. The king, to prove how thoroughly he was now emancipated from the tutelage of his clergy, desired Elizabeth to send him this year a company of English comedians. She complied, and James gave them a license to act in his capital and in his court. I have great reason to think that the immortal Shakespeare was of the number. Guthrie, a very loose and inaccurate compiler, gives no authority for his statement; but it is evidently founded upon the following passage in Archibishop Spottiswood's "History of the Church of Scotland," which the writer says was "penned at the command of king James VI, who bid the author write the truth and spare not."—"In the end of the year (1599) happened some new jars betwixt the king and the ministers of Edinburgh: because of a company of English comedians, whom the king had licensed to play within the burgh. The ministers, being offended with the liberty given them, did exclaim in their sermons against stage-players, their unruliness and immodest behaviour; and, in their sessions, made an act, prohibiting people to resort unto their plays, under pain of the church censures. The king, taking this to be a discharge of his licence, called the sessions before the council, and ordained them to annull their act, and not to restrain the people from going to these comedies; which they promised and accordingly performed; whereof publication was made the day after, and all that pleased permitted to repair unto the same, to the great offence of the ministers." This account by Spottiswood is abundantly confirmed by the following curious entries in the accounts of the lord-high-treasurer and the acts of the privy council:—

Extracts from the Accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of Scotland.

"October, 1599.—Item delyverit to his heines self to be gevin to the Inglis Commeidians xiii crownes of the sone a iijl. vjs. viijd. the pece xliijl. vjs. viijd.

"November, 1599.—Item, be his Majestis direction gevin to Sir George Elphington to be delyverit to Inglis commedianis to by tymbur for the preparatioun of ane hous to thair pastyme xl.

"Item, to William Forsyth messenger passand to the mercat croce of Edinburgh chairing the eldaris and deaconis of the haill four sessionis of Edinburgh to annull

thair act maid for the discharge of certain
Inglis commedianis x. viijd.

"Item, to the said William passand with
utheris letteris to the said mercat croce and
thair efter sound of trumpet notifying his
Majesties pleasure to all his liejis that the
saidis Comedianis mycht use thair playis
in Edinburgh xxjs. iiijd.

"December, 1599.—Item, lykewayis de-
lyverit be his hienes direction to Sir
George Elphinstone of Blythwood
Knycr to be distributit amang certane
Inglis Comedianis iijs. xxxij. vjs. viijd."

We find, both from the registers of the
privy council, and the office books of the
treasurers of the chamber, that the lord
chamberlain's servants performed before
queen Elizabeth on St. Stephen's day at
night, the 26th of December, 1599. The
last magnificent payment of the king of
Scotland to the English company was made,
in all likelihood, at their departure for Eng-
land. The fortieth volume of the registers of
the town council of Aberdeen contains the
following entries:—

"Nono Octobris, 1601. Ordinance to
the dean of gild. The saman day the
prouest baileis and counsall ordanis the
syne of threttie tua merkis to be gevin to
the kingis serwendes presently in this bur-
cht, quha playes comedies and staige playes
be reasoun they ar recommendit be his
majesties speciall letter and her played sum
of their comedies in this burcht and ordanis
the said syne to be payit to tham be the
dean of gild quhilk salbe allowit in his
comptis.

"22 Octr 1601.—The quhilk day Sir
Francis Hospital of Haulzie Knycht
Frenschman being recommendit be his
majestie to his prouest baileis and counsall
of this broch tto be favorable interteneit
with the gentilmen his majesties seruants
ester specifeit quha war direct to this burcht
be his majestie to accompanie the said
Frenshman being ane nobillman of France
cumming only to this burcht to sie the
towne and contrie the said Frenshman
with the knightis and gentillmen folowing
wer all ressuant and admittit burgesses of
gild of this burcht quha gave thair aithis
in common form folowis the names of
thame that war admittit burgesses

Sir Francis Hospital of halzie knycht
Sir Claud Hamilton of Schawfeild
knycht

Sir John Grahame of orkill knycht

Sir John Ramsey of Ester Baronie
knycht

James Hay James Auchterlonie Robert
Ker James Schaw Thomas Foster
James Gleghorne Dauid Drmmond
Seruitors to his Majestie.

Monsieur de Scheyne Monsieur la Bar
Seruitors to the said Sir Francis
James Law

James Hamilton seruitor to the said
Sir Claud
Archibald Sym Trumpeter
Laurence Fletcher comediane to his ms.
jestie
Mr David Wod
John Bronderstainis."

These documents present something
more than the facts, that a company of
players, especially recommended by the
king, were paid a gratuity from the corpo-
ration of Aberdeen for their performances
in that town, one of them subsequently
receiving the freedom of the burgh.
The provest, baileis, and council ordain
that thirty-two marks should be given to
the king's servants then in that burgh,
who played comedies and stage-plays. The
circumstance that they are recommended
by the king's special letter is not so impor-
tant as the description of them as the king's
servants. Thirteen days after the entry
of the 9th of October, at which first period
these servants of the king had played some
of their comedies, Lawrence Fletcher,
comedian to his majesty, is admitted a
burgess of guild of the burgh of Aber-
deen—the greatest honour which the cor-
poration could bestow. He is admitted to
this honour in company with a nobleman
of France visiting Aberdeen for the grati-
fication of his curiosity, and recommended
by the king to be favourably entertained;
as well as with three men of rank, and
others, who were directed by his Majesty
to accompany "the said Frenchman." All
the party are described in the document as
knights and gentlemen. We have to
inquire, then, who was Lawrence Fletcher,
comedian to his majesty? Assuredly the
king had not in his service a company of
Scotch players. In 1599 he had licensed
a company of English comedians to play
at Edinburgh. Fond as James was of
theatrical exhibitions, he had not the means
of gratifying his taste, except through the
visit of English comedians. Scotland had
no drama. "Lawrence Fletcher, comedian
to his majesty," was undoubtedly an
Englishman; and "the king's servants
presently in this burgh who play come-
dies and stage-plays," were as certainly
English players. There are not many
facts known by which we can trace the his-
tory of Lawrence Fletcher. He is not
mentioned amongst "the names of the prin-
cipal actors in all these plays," which list
is given in the first folio of Shakespeare;
but he undoubtedly belonged to Shake-
speare's company. The patent of James
I, dated at Westminster on the nineteenth
of May, 1603, in favour of the players act-
ing at the Globe, is headed, "Pro Lauren-
tio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare
aliis;" and it licenses and authorises the
performances of "Lawrence Fletcher, Wil-

liam Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipes, John Heminges, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates." The connexion, in 1603, of Fletcher and Shakespeare cannot be more distinctly established than by this document. The patent of James I of England directed to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, eighteen months after the performances at Aberdeen, is directed to those persons as "our servants." It does not appoint them the king's servants, but recognises the appointment as already existing. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the appointment was originally made by the king in Scotland, and subsisted when the same king ascended the English throne? Lawrence Fletcher was admitted a burgess of gild, of the borough of Aberdeen, as comedian to his majesty, in company with other persons who were servitors to his majesty. He received that honour, we may conclude, as the head of the company, also the king's servants. We know not how he attained this distinction amongst his fellows, but it is impossible to imagine that accident so favoured him in two instances. The king's servant who was most favoured at Aberdeen, and the king's servant who is first in the patent of 1603, was surely placed in that position by the voice of his fellows, the other king's servants. William Shakespeare is named with him in a marked manner in the heading of the patent. Seven of their fellows are also named, as distinguished from "the rest of their associates." There can be no doubt of the identity of the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James VI, of Scotland, and the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James I, of England. Can we doubt that the king's servants who played comedies and stage-plays in 1601, were, taken as a company, the king's servants who were licensed to exercise the art and faculty of playing, throughout all the realm, in 1603? If these points are evident, what reason have we to doubt that William Shakespeare, the second named in the licence of 1603, was amongst the king's servants at Aberdeen in 1601? Every circumstance concurs in the likelihood that he was of that number recommended by the king's special letter; and his position in the licence, even before Burbage, was, we may well believe, a compliment to him, who, in 1601, had taught "our James" something of the power and riches of the English Drama.

Epitaph on a Surgeon.

Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,
A hospital Surgeon thorough!
Who bled for his own and his country's good,
At St. Thomas's Hospital, Borough!"

The Bauderling Gem.

BY EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XII.—THE PENAL CODE.

Dagobert was for a moment awed, as he contemplated the dark and secret machinations, that the black robes, as he called them, were directing against those dear to him; and the resolution he had formed of liberating Rose and Blanche was for an instant shaken, but the timely arrival of Marshal Simon's letter, reminding him of his duty, soon banished his indecision; and the temporary dejection that had taken possession of his mind, was succeeded by calm and energetic determination.

"What time is it?" said he to his son.

"It has just struck nine, father."

"You must then," said Dagobert, "immediately set about making a hook of this piece of iron, and let it be strong enough to bear my weight. This stove will serve you for both forge and anvil."

Agricola and his mother looked at each other in surprise, for they were both ignorant of the resolution that Dagobert had formed, and also of the preparations he had made for carrying it into effect.

"You do not understand me, Agricola," said Dagobert, still holding the rod in his hand. "I want a hook made immediately of this."

"For what purpose, father?"

"To scale the walls of the convent, if I should not be able to gain admittance by the door."

"What!" said Agricola, "you are still thinking of that."

"What else can I do?"

"Success is impossible, father. You will not surely persist in so rash an undertaking."

"What is your father going to do, my son?" inquired Madame Baudoin, anxiously.

"He intends gaining admittance to-night to the convent in which the daughters of Marshal Simon are detained, with the view of bringing them away."

"Oh! that would be sacrilege," cried Madame Baudoin, and clasping her hands, she advanced in a supplicating manner towards Dagobert.

The soldier, seeing he was about to be besieged by prayers and entreaties, to which he was resolved not to yield, and wishing to stop at once all useless remon-

strance, said, in a firm and solemn voice—“Listen, Frances, and you too, Agricola. Men of my years do not lightly resolve on anything. But when they have once done so, neither wife, nor son, can prevent them from carrying it into effect, especially, when that resolution is in connexion with duty. This is what I am resolved to do, therefore further entreaty will be in vain. I know you are only doing your duty in warning me against danger. Let us not pursue the subject further, for I am determined this night to be master in my own house.”

Madame Baudoin, not daring to offer further opposition, turned with a supplicating look to her son.

“Father,” said the latter, “one word more, and I am done.”

“Go on,” said Dagobert, impatiently.

“I do not wish to oppose your resolution,” replied Agricola. “I only want to show you the danger to which you are exposing yourself.”

“I am fully aware of the danger,” said the soldier, hastily. “I know that my undertaking is fraught with peril; but it shall never be said that I neglected to do anything—no matter what—that would enable me to perform what I have promised.”

“Father, once more I ask you to pause. You do not, I am sure, know the danger you incur.”

“Danger! go to,” said Dagobert, disdainfully. “Why, even supposing I should be killed in the convent, would you not still be left to your mother? You would not miss me much, for you have done without me these twenty years.”

“Ah!” cried Madame Baudoin, “I am the cause of all our misfortunes. Gabriel was right in blaming me.”

“Calm yourself, Madame,” said the Mayeux, “Agricola will not allow his father to expose himself.”

After a few minutes’ reflection, Agricola said, addressing his father, “I know you too well to think of deterring you by the fear of death.”

“What other danger is there, then?” inquired Dagobert.

“One from which you, brave as you are, will shrink.”

“Agricola,” said the soldier, sternly, “this is said to frighten me, which I take as a gross insult.”

“Father!”

“Yes!” continued the soldier, angrily, “it is mean in the extreme to strive to prevent a man from doing his duty by intimidating him; and it is insulting to believe me capable of being intimidated.”

“Pardon me, father, you misunderstand me. I only meant to tell you that, if you are caught at night, scaling the walls of the convent, you will be sent to the galleys.”

“The galleys!” exclaimed Dagobert.

“Yes, the galleys,” continued Agricola, “the law is explicit in this matter. And there are ten chances to one that you will be arrested if you make the attempt, for the Mayeux has told us that the convent is strictly guarded. Now you are aware of the danger I will abide your decision, and, if you go, I will go with you.”

A deep silence, interrupted only by the stifled sobbing of Madame Baudoin, now ensued. Dagobert, in spite of his determined and energetic character, seemed struck with stupor. According to his military notion his nocturnal enterprise was only a stratagem of war, authorised by the necessity of his position. But the fearful intelligence of his son had dispelled this illusion. He saw before him a terrible alternative. He must either betray the confidence reposed in him by Marshal Simon and his wife, or expose himself and his son to the dreadful disgrace of being sent to the galleys, without even the certainty that he would be able to liberate the orphans.

“Ah!” cried Madame Baudoin, suddenly, “perhaps the dear children may yet be released without violence!”

“How, mother?” cried Agricola, eagerly.

“It was,” replied she, “the Abbé Dubois that took them to the convent, but Gabriel thinks my confessor acted under the guidance of M. Rodin!”

“Even if that be the case it would be vain to apply to M. Rodin, for nothing would be obtained from him.”

“No, not from him. But, perhaps, the powerful abbé who has protected Gabriel ever since he entered the seminary, might aid us.”

“What abbé, mother?”

“The Abbé d’Aigrigny.”

“You are right, mother; he was in the army before he entered the church, and, perhaps, he could aid us more than anyone else; and yet—”

“D’Aigrigny!” cried Dagobert, with an expression of rage; “is there mixed up with all this treachery a man bearing the name of D’Aigrigny, who was a soldier before he became a priest?”

“Yes, father, the Marquis d’Aigrigny served in Russia, and in 1815 the Bourbons gave him the command of a regiment.”

“It is he,” said Dagobert, in a suppressed tone. “In everything concerning the parents of the poor children, he, like an evil genius, is always to be found.”

“What do you say, father?”

“Do you know who the Marquis d’Aigrigny is?” cried Dagobert; “before he was a priest he tormented the mother of Rose and Blanche, because she rejected his proffered love with scorn. Before he was a priest he fought against his country. General Simon and he met

twice. Once at Leipsic, where the general, covered with the wounds he had received, was made prisoner; while the Marquis was triumphing with the enemies of his country. Under the Bourbons the renegade, loaded with honours, again met the soldier of the emperor. This time they fought a duel. The Marquis was wounded, and the General, proscribed, and, condemned to death, became an exile. Now you say the renegade is a priest, and I am certain that it was at his instigation that Rose and Blanche were carried off. He is wreaking on the children the hatred he bore their parents. Now that I know they are in the power of this infamous renegade, I have their lives, as well as their fortunes, to defend."

"But, father, do you think he is capable of—"

"A traitor to his country," interrupted Dagobert, "that winds up his career by turning priest, is capable of anything. Yes, the daughters of General Simon are in the power of the Marquis and his crew;" then added he, with a convulsive laugh, "Shall it be said that I hesitated to save them for fear of the galleys? What care I for the galleys? Do they send dead men there? Can I not, if I am taken, put a pistol to my head? Come, Agricola, put your iron in the fire, and make me a hook. Quick, for we have no time to lose."

"But your son will accompany you!" cried Madame Baudoin, in despair, throwing herself at her husband's feet, "and if you are arrested he cannot escape."

"To save himself from the galleys, he will follow my example. I have two pistols."

"Oh?" replied the wretched mother, "what will become of me if I lose you both?"

"You are right; I was too selfish—I will go alone."

"No, father, you shall not go alone."

"What would become of your mother?"

"Oh, the Mayeux understands our situation; she will go and inform M. Hardy, who is one of the most generous men living, and he will take care of my mother as long as she lives."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Madame Baudoin, wringing her hands in despair, "let thy punishment fall on me. It was I that delivered up the children. Spare my son."

"Agricola," said Dagobert, "I forbid you to accompany me."

"What! do you think that I would shrink from the danger because I have pointed it out? I must go with you, father. Besides, have I not also some one to deliver—the good and generous Madeleine de Cardoville, who would have saved me from a prison—is she not now, herself, the inmate of one? I shall follow

you, father. It is my right, my duty, and my determination."

Agricola then set about making the hook that his father was so desirous of having. His wretched mother was still on her knees, beseeching heaven to have mercy on them. Dagobert was silent and thoughtful for a few minutes; he then approached his wife, and, taking her by the hand, said:—

"You now know, dear Frances, that it would be impossible to prevent our son from accompanying me. But, do not despair—we shall, I hope, succeed; but, if we should not, if we should be arrested, we will not play the part of cowards. There will be no suicide; father and son will walk arm in arm to prison, with head erect and mind undaunted, like men who are conscious of having done their duty to the last. The day of trial will come, when we will freely acknowledge what we have done; we will say, 'it was not till all hope of receiving aid from the law had vanished, that we had recourse to violence.' The judge will understand the language of honesty, and we will be acquitted. If, however, we should not be understood, honour and a good conscience will enable us to bear our chains without feeling abased; and, in the eyes of honest people, the old soldier and his son will be infinitely more respectable than the lordly renegade who is now pursuing his infamous career in the garb of a priest."

"Now, my dear Mayeux, it is getting late, I have a question to ask you—Did you note, when you were in the garden, if the rooms of the convent were lofty?"

"Not very, sir, especially on the side facing the square pavilion where Mademoiselle de Cardoville is confined."

"Capital," cried Agricola, "we will not forget that."

"Did you observe," said Dagobert, "the rooms where the poor children are confined?"

"Yes," replied the Mayeux, "they are in separate chambers, facing the pavilion; one on the ground floor, the other above."

"Thank you, my dear Mayeux, with this instruction we can proceed. Ah! Agricola, you have made the hook I see; when it is cool, we will tie a cord to it, and then we may start."

In a few minutes the clock of St. Mary's struck ten.

"Ten o'clock," said Dagobert, rising, hastily. "Come, Agricola, we have not a moment to lose."

Agricola approached the Mayeux, and whispered, "If we are not here in the morning, you will go to M. Hardy, and tell him what has happened. Remember, I leave you my poor mother to take care of. Now, kiss me."

"Come along, old Rabat-joie, you must be our sentinel."

The soldier then affectionately embraced his wife, and he and his son hastily departed in the midst of the storm, and directed their steps to the Boulevard by the hospital.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE ESCALADE.

Eleven o'clock struck as Dagobert and his son arrived at the wall of the convent. The wind was violent, the rain fell fast, and, notwithstanding the bleak clouds, it was light enough to discern the dark trees and white walls of the garden. From time to time the rattling of a carriage was heard, which slowly died away in the distance—then all was silent.

From the moment that Dagobert and Agricola had left the Rue Brise-Miche, they had scarcely exchanged a word. The end that these two resolute men had in view was noble, was praiseworthy; still they stole along in the shade, like bandits when about to commit their nocturnal deeds.

Agricola carried on his shoulder a bag containing a rope, the hook, and a bar of iron. Dagobert was leaning on the arm of his son, and Rabat-joie followed behind his master.

"I think," said Dagobert, "we are near the spot where we met the Mayeux. It is only half-past eleven; we must wait till twelve. Let us sit down a little, and mature our plans." Then, after a few minutes' silence, he added, grasping the hand of his son, "Agricola, my boy, it is still time. I beseech you to return home. I think I could manage this affair as well without you; besides, as the moment approaches, I am afraid that my engaging you in this dangerous expedition might materially affect you."

"And as the time comes, my dear father, I think more and more that I shall be of service to you; but, let come what may, I shall share the danger. Our motive is praiseworthy—it is a debt of gratitude that you owe, and I am going to pay the half of it. Do not, then, think that I shall leave you; let us rather plan our mode of attack. Did you observe the garden gate?"

At that moment Rabat-joie, who was watching at the feet of Dagobert, pricked up his ears.

"The dog seems to hear something," said Agricola. "Let us listen." But nothing was heard except the wind that shook the neighbouring trees.

"When the gate is open, father, will it be judicious to take Rabat-joie with us?"

"Oh, yes; for, if there is a watch-dog he will silence it; besides, he will warn us of the approach of the sentinels; and, who knows, he is so intelligent, and so attached to Rose and Blanche, but he may aid us

in discovering the place where they are confined. I have seen him find the young girls out in the woods. His instinct is certainly extraordinary."

A solemn and grave sound rose above the whistling of the wind. It was the clock striking twelve. That sound seemed to reverberate in the hearts of Agricola and his father, who started, and by a spontaneous movement, shook each other cordially by the hand.

Dagobert then said, with a firm voice, "It is midnight; embrace me, my son; now let us to work."

"Yes, my father," said Agricola; "and let us act with the cunning and audacity of bandits in their daring deeds."

The father and son approached the wicket, the hinges of which were in so bad a condition that Agricola said that they would easily give way; he put his shoulder to the door, and was about to apply his strength, when Rabat-joie growled.

"Do not stir. Rabat-joie hears some one in the garden."

Both listened for some time, but could hear nothing.

"The dog has been mistaken," said Agricola.

"I am sure he has not," said Dagobert. "Listen."

After waiting a few seconds longer Rabat-joie approached the door, and pushing his muzzle through the crevice at the bottom, sniffed loudly.

"Some one is coming," said the father; "we shall have time to fly when the door is opened. Come here, Rabat-joie."

The dog obeying, left the door, and went up to his master. A few seconds afterwards, heavy steps were heard, and words were exchanged, but neither the soldier nor the blacksmith could hear their purport.

"That is the guard of whom the Mayeux spoke," said Agricola.

"So much the better, there will be an interval before their second round. Our success is certain. Come, let us be quick, Agricola. We must lose no time. First, then, let us try to open this door."

Agricola put his powerful shoulder to the door, and on its not giving way, said, "Malediction! it is barred on the inside! these old boards could not otherwise have resisted the shock. However, I will get upon the wall by means of the cord and hook; then I will descend, and open the door to you."

Saying these words, Agricola took the cord from the bag, and after several attempts, succeeded in fastening the hook to the top of the wall. He then got on his father's back, reached the top, descended, withdrew a huge bar of wood, forced the door open, and Dagobert and Rabat-joie entered.

Dagobert and Agricola, preceded by Rabat-joie, stole up an avenue, stopped short to consult each other as to the route, then proceeded towards a wicket that separated the principal garden from the convent. On the other side of this gate they perceived, at a short distance from them, a dwelling, and above that a square pavillion.

"There's the place," said Agricola, "where the Mayeux said that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was confined."

"And the place," answered the father, "where the orphans are in front. Poor dear children, how much they must have suffered."

"Let us walk softly," said Agricola. "Fortunately the gate is unlocked, but I am afraid it will creak on opening it."

"Must it be opened softly or suddenly?" demanded Dagobert.

"Let me first examine it," said Agricola, who raised it a little, then pushed it open.

Agricola and his father remained a moment motionless, for the gate had creaked a little, which sounded indistinctly in the silence of the night. No noise followed; all was silent and tranquil, and Agricola and his father entered the private garden. Here the dog began to make signs of extraordinary joy—he pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and bounded to the spot where Rose Simon had had in the morning her short interview with Mademoiselle de Cardoville; then he stopped an instant, sniffed the air, and ran to the building opposite that which the Mayeux had said was occupied by Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"There is no longer any doubt," said Dagobert; "the orphans are in this building, depend upon it."

"Let us see if the windows are railed," said Agricola.

At this moment the garden gate, which the soldier had unfortunately left open, shut with a noise.

"We are surprised," said Agricola. "They are cutting off our means of retreat."

The father and son gazed at each other, but, on hearing nothing, Agricola said, "Perhaps, the gate has shut of itself. I will run and see, and will open it if I can."

"Go, my son, and while you are away I will examine the windows."

(To be continued).

SEVERE FROSTS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

The severe frost which set in about the middle of the week before last, and conti-

nued without intermission down to Sunday last, is, in our climate, unusual so early in the winter. Many years have elapsed since the ground was frost-bound in continuity through the early weeks of December. It has not been unusual to reach Christmas-day without experiencing cold weather. In the great frost of the winter of 1813-14, it was not till the month of February that the river was frozen over, when a fair was held below Blackfriars Bridge; and printing, drinking, and skittle playing were witnessed where boats and barges had commonly moved. A fair on the Thames an old print perpetuates as held off the Temple Gardens in the time of James II. On more than one occasion an ox has been roasted whole on the ice. The animal was slaughtered as well as cooked there, and a butcher of eminence claimed the honour of knocking down the victim as an hereditary distinction, his father having on a like occasion formerly used the pole axe.

The frost, which has visited us, has been severely felt on the continent, and especially in Paris. This has caused the *Sidicile* to comfort its readers by showing them that as yet they have no great cause to complain, which it seeks to effect by telling what has been experienced in former days. The cold lately felt, according to the writer, had not reached more than seven or eight degrees centigrade. The following account will show that this degree of cold is exceedingly moderate. In 358 the emperor Julian, who passed his winters at Lutetia (the old name of Paris), complained that the cold was so severe that the Seine was frozen over. The winters of 763 and 801 were remarkable for their severity. In 822 carts passed freely across the Seine for several months together. In 1067, 1210, 1305, 1354, 1408, and 1420, the Parisians had very severe winters, and in 1408 the soldiers' rations of wine were cut with an axe. In 1433 the frost set in on the last day of the year, and lasted three months. The winters of 1460, 1480, 1493, 1508, and 1522, are recorded as excessively cold. In 1544, wine was cut with an axe throughout France, in the casks. The winters of 1621 and 1622 were felt even in Italy. In 1662 and 1663 the frost continued in Paris from December 5 to March 8. In 1695 there were 21 degrees of cold (centigrade). In 1676 and 1677 the Seine was frozen over for thirty-five days consecutively. It was only about the beginning of the eighteenth century that the thermometrical observations were regularly noted down:—

deg. centigrade.

In 1709 the therm. asc'd. to 23 1-10
1716 18 7-10

1729	the thin. dscd.	to 15	3-10	
1740	..	Seine comp.	frozen	Over
1742	..	17	Ditto	
1744	..		Ditto	
1747	..	13	6-10	
1748	..	15	3-10	
1754	..	14	1-10	
1755	..	15	6-10	Over
1762	..	Seine comp.	frozen	
1767	..	15	3-10	Ditto
1768	..	17	1-10	Ditto
1771	..	13	6-10	Ditto
1776	..	19	1-10	Ditto 25 dy
1783	..	19	Ditto	69 dy
1788	..	22	3-10	Do. lgh. tim.
1795	..	23	5-10	Ditto 4 dy
1798	..	17	6-10	Ditto 23 dy
1819	..			Do. comp.
1820	..	14	3-10	
1825	..	14	6-10	
1830	..	16	3-10	
1836	..	18		
1838	..	19		
1840	..	17		the degree

of cold on December 15, the day on which the emperor's remains entered Paris. The average cold of a great number of years at Paris is about 10 or 11 degrees centigrade above zero. At 9 degrees centigrade the Seine freezes. The severest cold hitherto known at Paris was in 1795, when the thermometer fell to 23 5-10. The *Sicèle* is in error in stating that the thermometer has not yet fallen lower than 7 or 8 degrees centigrade. On Sunday week it was down to 9 4-10ths degrees centigrade below the freezing point (15 $\frac{1}{2}$ of Fahrenheit above zero). The *Sicèle*, in noticing the cold of 1838, omits stating that the Seine was then frozen over, and remained so for a long time. It was in that year that the ice suddenly gave way at Rouen, and a number of persons who were standing on it were nearly drowned, but were saved by the celebrated Louis Brune.

Review.

Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson.
With Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G. C. H. G. Vol. I. Colburn.

The life of a great man is at all times a subject of deep interest. Every genius is more or less an epitome of the age in which he lives; and though no circumstances can create genius, it is moulded by the necessities of the day, and more peculiarly so in the life of a hero, immortalizing his name by actions, than in that of the philosopher or poet, whose divine power frequently assumes the faculty of foresight, and gives birth to works which require the progres-

sion of other ages to be known and valued. Our gallant Nelson was essentially a man of action; his early love for the profession he followed with such glory to himself and his country, and which enabled him to surmount the deep prejudices then attached to the very name of a man of war, was the indication of genius pointing to the field best suited for its development. From his earliest entrance into the service, his heart was thrown into its duties; and though succeeding years brought ill-health, and, in his own words, "a prejudice at the admiralty evidently against me, which I can neither guess at, nor in the least account for," and which prejudice kept him unemployed from the December of 1787 to the January of 1793, yet his merits progressively raised him, till from a midshipman he became, at the age of thirty-nine, rear-admiral of the blue. From that time honour succeeded to honour, till he fell in his country's service, leaving behind him a name which has become a watchword in the British navy, a household god in the home of every true Briton. Many histories of this hero have preceded the present work, but as the thoughts and feelings of a man can only be fully known by an insight into them which no public memorials can give, and as the editors of former papers, purporting to be the genuine works of Nelson, took upon themselves to alter and arrange, till some portion, at least, of the old spirit was unchanged for modern proprieties and *soi-disant* improvements, Sir H. Nicolas' labours must be hailed with pleasure and gratitude, as giving us the reality, whose place has been hitherto filled by a shadow. Now we have the *bona fide* letters of the hero, and they show him to have been a large-hearted, as well as nobly-minded man. The motives on which the editor has acted, have in them a spirit of honourable impartiality, which has produced the desirable result of gaining the reader's belief in all he puts before them. We cannot do better than let him speak for himself: —

"The principal questions which an editor of an extensive correspondence has to decide, are—What letters should be published? Whether the letters should be printed entire, or whether certain passages should be omitted? Whether names should be suppressed? Whether the letter should be given literally, or be attired according to his own ideas of accuracy and elegance? Though, in most cases, it is, no doubt, necessary to omit many letters that fall into an editor's hands, on account of their want of importance, this does not always form a reason for withholding them; but it depends upon the interest attached to the writer, the distance of time at which he lived, and the number of such trifling let-

ters, to determine whether they should be printed. Everything that proceeded from an illustrious man, and especially in the early part of his life, has an interest which belongs not to the article itself, but is reflected upon it by his subsequent glory.

"No letter of Chaucer or Shakespear, for example, could be uninteresting, however trifling its contents; and it is conceived that the familiar letters of any great character, which describes his situation and feelings in the early stages of his career—his hopes, his disappointments, and the efforts by which he surmounted every obstacle, and eventually chained fortune to his car, yield only in interest, and in value, to letters written after his powers had found adequate occasions for display, when he was in the full splendour of his renown, and when his correspondence, from relating to great events and eminent individuals, not only commands attention, but becomes part of his time. Moreover, where genius exists, and where one great and absorbing feeling occupies the mind, the most insignificant as well as the most studied and important letter, bears more or less of its impress: thus, there is scarcely a note of Nelson's that does not contain some word, or line, or sentence, indicative of his predominant passions—military fame and the service of his country."

For the professional part of this correspondence, we must refer the reader to the book itself; a letter to his brother, the Rev. Mr. Nelson, when on a first journey in France, is written with much humour, and in a true John Bull spirit, savouring somewhat of professional antipathy:—

"On Tuesday morning, the 21st ult., I set off from Salisbury-street, in company with Captain Macnamara, of the navy, an old messmate of mine. I dined with Captain Locker, my old captain, at Malling, in Kent, and spent the night at his house. The next day we slept at Dover, and on Thursday morning we left England with a fine wind. In three hours we were at breakfast in Monsieur Grandisire's, at Calais. The quick transition struck me much. The manners, houses, and eating, is very different to what we have in England. I had thoughts of fixing at Montreuil, about sixty miles from Calais, on the road to Paris. We set off *en poste*, they called it; we did not get on more than four miles an hour. Such carriages, such horses, such drivers, and such boots, you would have been ready to burst with laughing at the ridiculous figures they made together. The roads were paved with stones; therefore, by the time we had travelled fifteen miles, we were pretty well shook up, and heavily tired. We stopped at an inn, they

called it—a clean-pigsty is far preferable. They showed us into a dirty room with two straw beds; they were clean, that was all they could brag on. However, after a good laugh, we went to bed, and slept very soundly till morning. How different to what we had found the day before at Dover!"

It must be remembered that this was written in 1783. In another letter to William Locker, Esq., we find still strange evidence of this national antipathy: it is written from St. Omer-en-Artois:—

"Here are two navy captains, Ball and Shepard, at this place, but we do not visit; they are very fine gentlemen with epaulettes. You may suppose I hold them cheap for putting on any part of a Frenchman's uniform."

One remarkable feature in Nelson's mere private career is the uniform consideration which he evinced for able seamen, whether of high or low degree. His care for that usually unfortunate race of beings, midshipmen, and whom he styled "his children," is best shown by an account which Lady Hughes gives from her own observation, while a passenger in the Boreas, in a letter to Mr. Matcham, dated Clifton, June 24, 1806:—

"I was too much affected, when we met at Bath, to say every particular in which was always displayed the infinite cleverness and goodness of heart of our dearly beloved hero. As a woman I can only be a judge of those things that I could comprehend—such as his attention to the young gentlemen who have the happiness of being on his quarter-deck. It may reasonably be supposed that, among the number of thirty, there must be timid as well as bold; the timid he never rebuked, but always wished to show them he desired nothing of them that he would not instantly do himself. I have known him say, 'Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg I may meet you there.' No denial could be given to such a wish, the poor fellow instantly began his march. His lordship never took any notice with what alacrity it was done, but when he met in the top instantly began speaking in the most cheerful manner, and saying how much a person was to be pitied that could fancy there was any danger, or even anything disagreeable in the attempt. After this excellent example, I have seen the timid youth lead another, and rehearse his captain's words. How wise and kind was such a proceeding! In like manner he every day went into the schoolroom, and saw them do their nautical business, and at twelve o'clock he was the first upon deck with his quadrant. No one there could be behind-hand in their business when their captain set them so good an example. One other

circumstance I must mention, which will close the subject, which was the day we landed at Barbadoes. We were to dine at the Governor's. Our dear captain said—'You must permit me, Lady Hughes, to carry one of my aide-de-camps with me!' and, when he presented him to the governor, he said, 'Your excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midshipmen, as I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea!' This kindness made the young people adore him; and even his wishes, could they have been known, would have been instantly complied with. It was your wish, sir, to have the above particulars; an able pen might have described them better, but I hope my simple narration may, in a faint degree, describe his lordship's excellent manner of making his young men fancy the attaining nautical perfection, was much more a play than a task. Who is there but must allow these methods to be dictated by great skill, as well as great goodness of heart, that never caused a fear or disgust to any one? How sincerely is such a loss to be lamented. But we have nothing to say but 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

March of Railway Profits.—The gains of railway proprietors seem likely to prove enormous. In the twenty-one weeks ending November 23, the increase in the receipts of twenty-four railways, as compared with those of the corresponding period of 1843, amounted to no less than £330,029.

A Poet's Errors.—“My understanding works rather by symbols, and thus I waver between idea and perception, between rule and sentiment, between technicality and genius; I was surprised into poetry where I ought to have been philosophical, and into philosophy where I should have poetized. And even now, imagination too often destroys my philosophy, and cold understanding my verse.”—*Schiller of himself.*

The Snipe Fish.—This native of the deep, has lately visited, in great numbers, the Scottish coast. There is something curious and inexplicable in the erratic visits of this little fish to our northern bays, as well as in its suicidal propensity of running ashore, and yielding itself an easy prey, rendering unnecessary the fisherman's art of net or bait. Its visits are not periodical, either as regards the seasons or cycles. Twenty-two years

have passed since they last appeared in considerable numbers. About sixty years ago they landed in shoals, particularly on the shore betwixt Campbeltown and Fort George, in which locality they are called by the country people *Gobbaiche Ardnasor*, or *snipe fish*.

Importance of France to Europe.—“The central situation of France, her power, the long duration of her monarchy, the supremacy which at two or three different intervals she has acquired over the whole of the West, have so linked her destiny with all the others, that the revolutions of European nations proceed almost always from those of France, so that next to the national history, the history of France is that which each of them ought to study.

Germany.—The Germans first present themselves to our notice as warriors alarming, nay terrifying, the arrogant Romans, and that not in the infancy of their power, when the Samnites or the Volscians were formidable antagonists, but in the very fullness of their strength, in the first vigour of youthful manhood, when Italy, Spain, part of Gaul, the northern coast of Africa, Greece, Syria and Asia Minor were subdued to the republican yoke. Then was it that the Cimbri and Teutones, issuing from the north of Germany (which, the northern coast of Gaul, is the situation where we first find the Teutonic races, the southern division of both countries being occupied by Celtic or Keltic tribes,) invaded and harassed Italy, chilling the mistress of the world with fear. Nor was the fear groundless. They were only to be kept from thundering at the gates of the Capitol by the talents and energies of that mighty plebeian Caius Marius, who, upon this occasion, was allowed by the haughty patricians to hold the consulate year after year.

Irish Landlords and Tenants.

“From one to two pounds they will promise to pay; But after twelve months the landlords will say— I'll forgive you the rent if you'll give up the key; He then gets another who acts the same way.”

The Jewish writer, Lombroso, who resides at Turin, has just embraced the Christian religion. This is undoubtedly one of the most important conversions that has occurred for many years.

M. Debas, who has been two years in Greece on a scientific mission, has lately written to the Minister of the Interior of France, stating that he has collected about 5000 Greek inscriptions, 2500 of which are nearly new, and the rest corrected and rendered more complete.

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